The Compiler.

A DEMOCRATIC AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

By H. J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

47th Year. GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, JULY 24, 1865. No. 44.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING done with neatness and dispatch.

OFFICE in South Baltimore street, nearly opposite Wamplers' Tinning Establishment —"COMPILER PRINTING OFFICE" on the sign.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Edward B. Buehler,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. He speaks the German language.—Office at the same place, in South Baltimore street, near Forney's drug store, and nearly opposite Danner & Ziegler's store.

Gettysburg, March 20.

J. C. Neely,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Particular attention paid to collection of Pensions, Bounty, and Back-pay. Office in the S. E. corner of the Diamond.

Gettysburg, April 6, 1863. tf

D. McConaughy,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, (office one door west of Buehler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street,) ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR FOR PATENTS AND PENSIONS. Bounty Land Warrants, Back-pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American Claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices given. Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois and other western States. Apply to him personally or by letter.

Gettysburg, Nov. 21, '53.

Law Partnership.

W. A. DUNCAN & J. H. WHITE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to them, including the procuring of Pensions, Bounty, Back-Pay, and all other claims against the United States and State Governments.

Office in North West Corner of Diamond, Gettysburg, Penn'a.

April 3, 1865. tf

A. J. Cover,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will promptly attend to Collections and all other business entrusted to him. Office between Fahnestocks' and Danner & Ziegler's Stores, Baltimore street Gettysburg, Pa. [Sept. 5, 1859.

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.

HAS his office one door west of the Lutheran church in Chambersburg street, and opposite Picking's store, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. REFERENCES—Drs. Horner, Rev. C. P. Krauth, D. D., Rev. H. L. Baugher, D. D., Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, Prof. M. L. Stever.

Gettysburg, April 11, '53.

Dr. D. S. Peffer,

ABBOTTSTOWN, Adams county, continues the practice of his profession in all its branches, and would respectfully invite all persons afflicted with any old standing diseases to call and consult him.

Oct. 3, 1864. tf

Dr. J. W. C. O'Neal's

OFFICE and Dwelling, N. E. corner of Baltimore and High streets, near Presbyterian Church, Gettysburg, Pa.

Nov. 30, 1863. tf

Doctor C. W. Benson.

OFFICE at the Railroad House, (front room, formerly occupied by Dr. Kunzer,)

LITTLESTOWN, PA.

June 19, 1865. tf

Removals.

THE undersigned, being the authorized person to make removals into Ever Green Cemetery, hopes that such as contemplate the removal of the remains of deceased relatives or friends will avail themselves of this season of the year to have it done. Removals made with promptness—terms low, and no effort spared to please.

PETER THORN,
March 12, '60. Keeper of the Cemetery.

The Great Discovery

OF THE AGE.—Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism can be cured by using H. L. MILLER'S CELEBRATED RHEUMATIC MIXTURE. Many prominent citizens of this, and the adjoining counties, have testified to its great utility. Its success in Rheumatic affections has been hitherto unparalleled by any specific, introduced to the public. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists and storekeepers. Prepared only by H. L. MILLER, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, East Berlin, Adams county, Pa., dealer in Drugs, Chemicals, Oils, Varnish, Spirits, Paints, Dye-stuffs, bottled Oils, Essences and Tinctures, Window Glass, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

A. De Buehler is the Agent in Gettysburg for "H. L. Miller's Celebrated Rheumatic Mixture." [June 3, 1861. tf

Hardware and Groceries.

THE subscribers have just returned from the cities with an immense supply of HARDWARE & GROCERIES, which they are offering at their old stand in Baltimore street, at prices to suit the times. Our stock consists in part of

BUILDING MATERIALS,
CARPENTER'S TOOLS,
BLACKSMITHS' TOOLS,
COACH FINDINGS
SHOE FINDINGS,
CABINET MAKER'S TOOLS,
HOUSEKEEPER'S FIXTURES,
ALL KINDS OF IRON, &c.
GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS,
OILS, PAINTS, &c., &c.

There is no article included in the several departments mentioned above but what can be had at this Store.—Every class of Mechanics can be accommodated here with tools and findings, and Housekeepers can find every article in their line. Give us a call, as we are prepared to sell as low for cash as any house out of the city.

JOEL B. DANNER,
DAVID ZIEGLER.

Gettysburg, May 16, 1864.

Grain and Produce.

HAVING taken the large and commodious Warehouse recently occupied by Frank Hersh, Esq.,

IN NEW OXFORD,

we are prepared to pay the highest prices for all kinds of PRODUCE. Also, sell at the lowest prices, LUMBER, COAL and GROCERIES, of every description.

A. P. MYERS & WIEBMAN.

New Oxford, Aug. 10, 1863. tf

Young Men

AND OLD MEN, do not allow your mothers and your wives to wear out their precious lives over the old Wash-tub longer, but like true men and benefactors, present them with an EXCELSIOR WASHER, and instead of frowns and cross words on wash days, depend upon it, cheerful faces will greet you.

TYSON BROTHERS, Gettysburg, Pa.

Dec. 14, 1863.

Battle-field Views.

A FULL set of our Photographic Views of the Battle-field of Gettysburg, form a splendid gift for the Holidays. The finest yet published can be seen at the Excelsior Gallery.

TYSON BROTHERS, Gettysburg.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of distinguished individuals, including a number of our prominent Generals, and the old hero John L. Burns, for sale at the counter of the Excelsior Gallery, Gettysburg.

TYSON BROTHERS.

LADIES' Cloth for Cloaking, a new supply just received at FAHNESTOCK BROS'.

I. K. Stauffer,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, No. 148 North SECOND Street, corner of Quarry, PHILADELPHIA. An assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, constantly on hand,

SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

Repairing of Watches and Jewelry promptly attended to.

Dec. 12, 1864. 1y

Fresh Confectionery

AND ICE CREAM SALOON.

The subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Gettysburg and vicinity that he has a Confectionery Establishment, one door east of the Eagle Hotel, on Chambersburg street, to which he would invite their attention.

Cakes, Candies, and every description of Confections, together with Nuts, Oranges, and all kinds of fruits, always on hand.

Parties, public and private, as well as families, will be furnished with all kinds of Cakes, Ice Cream, (in pyramidal form or otherwise,) and other refreshments at their houses, upon short notice.

Having spent a life-time at the business, he flatters himself that he understands it and that he is able to render entire satisfaction.

Call and see his Confectionery.

April 24, 1865. tf JOHN GRUEL.

R. P. Bayley & Co.,

DEALERS IN CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE, PLATED WARE, FINE CUTLERY, CASTORS, &C.,

No. 6 HANOVER STREET, NEAR BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

GLASSWARE:—Tumblers, Goblets, Wines, Lagers, Flasks, Blk. Bottles, Candy Jars, Decanters, Pres. Dishes, Fruit Bowls, Salts, Castors, Castor Bottles, Ker. Lamps, Ker. Chimneys, Lanterns, &c.

QUEENSWARE:—Plates, Flat Dishes, Deep do., Covered do., Covered Butters, Tea Pots, Sugars, Creams, Bowls, Pitchers, Chambers, Basins and Pitchers, Mugs, Spittoons, Tea Sets, Toilet Sets, &c.

COM. STONEWARE:—Jugs, Jars, Pitchers, Milk Pans, &c. [May 1, 1865. 1y*

Herbst's Line Still Running.

CHANGE OF DEPOT.—The undersigned would inform the public that he is still running a line of FREIGHT CARS from Gettysburg to Baltimore every week. He is prepared to convey Freight either way, in any quantity. He will attend, if desired, to the making of purchases in the city, and delivering the goods promptly at Gettysburg. His cars now run to the Warehouse of STEVENSON & SONS, 165 North Howard street, (near Franklin,) Baltimore, where freight will be received at any time. He invites the attention of the public to his line, assuring them that he will spare no effort to accommodate all who may patronize him.

Having purchased the building and lot on the Northeast corner of Railroad and North Washington streets, Gettysburg, he has established his place of business there, where he asks those having anything to do in his line to call.

Hay purchased as heretofore.

SAMUEL HERBST.

April 24, 1865. 3m*

Moro. Phillips'

GENUINE IMPROVED SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME,

FOR SALE AT MANUFACTURER'S DEPOTS,

No. 27 N. Front Street, Philadelphia, and No. 14 Bowly's Wharf, BALTIMORE.

The subscriber begs leave to inform Dealers and Consumers that he is now prepared to furnish MORO PHILLIPS' GENUINE IMPROVED SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME, in any quantities.

The universal satisfaction this article has given during the past four years, has so increased the demand that I have been compelled to greatly enlarge my capacity for its manufacture, and have been induced to establish a branch house in the city of Baltimore. I trust that I will be able to fill all orders during the season. Yet my rule is *first come first served.*

Discount to Dealers.

For sale by W. E. BITTLE & CO., and McCURDY & DIEHL, Gettysburg.

MORO PHILLIPS,
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.

Mar. 20, 1865. 6m

Cannon's

MARBLE WORKS,

South-east Corner of the Diamond and Baltimore street, nearly opposite the Star office, GETTYSBURG, PA.

Every description of work executed in the finest style of the art.

April 17, 1865. tf

Piano Fortes.

CHARLES M. STIEFF, MANUFACTURER OF

GRAND AND SQUARE PIANO FORTES,

Manufactory 103, 105 & 107 Franklin street, Warerooms, No. 7 North Liberty street.

Constantly a large number of PIANOS of my own Manufacture on hand, with the Full Iron Frame and Over-strung. Every Instrument warranted for five years, with the privilege of exchange within twelve months if not entirely satisfactory.

Second-hand Pianos always on hand at prices from $50 to $200.

Baltimore, Sept. 5, 1864. 1y 3m*

New Firm—New Goods.

YANTIS & HARNER, having taken the old and well-known Store Stand of Geo. W. Rowe, in LITTLESTOWN, Adams county, would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they are prepared to sell Goods as low as they can be bought anywhere out of the cities. With many additions of new Goods, just opened, they offer an unusually large and attractive variety, consisting of

DRY GOODS, for MEN'S, WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S WEAR,
GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
GLASS-WARE, QUEENS-WARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON, NAILS, GLASS,

and in short, everything to be found in a first-class Store. The public are invited to call and see for themselves. No trouble to show Goods. With large sales and small profits, all parties will be benefited.

May 1, 1865. 3m

ATTRACTING ATTENTION.—The superior Pictures taken at MUMPER'S SKY-LIGHT GALLERY, on West Middle st., are attracting universal attention. Good judges pronounce them superior to any ever taken in this place. Call and examine for yourselves.

Jan. 16, 1865.

SPRING BALMORALS just received at FAHNESTOCK BROS'.

POETRY.

THE WELL-DIGGER.

A OWER-TRUE BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Come, listen all, while I relate
What recently befel
Unto a farmer down in Maine,
While digging of a well.

Full many a yard he dug and delved,
And still he dug in vain;
"Alack!" quoth he, "e'en water seems
Prohibited in Maine!"

And still he dug and delved away,
And still the well was dry;
The only water to be found
Was in the farmer's eye.

Nor by the breaking of the bank
That tumbled from its station,
All suddenly his hope was dashed
Of future liquidation!

And now his sands were running fast,
And he had died, no doubt,
But that just when the earth caved in,
He happened to be out!

"Aha!—I have a happy thought!"
Exclaimed this wicked man—
"To dig show this cursed well
I see a pretty plan:

"I'll hide me straight, and when my wife
And e'en my neighbors know
What's happened to my digging here,
They'll think that I'm below!

"And so to save my precious life,
They'll dig the well, no doubt,
E'en deeper than 'twas dug at first,
Before they find me out!"

And so he hid him in the barn
Through all the hungry day,
To hide the digging of his well
In this deceitful way.

But list what grief and shame befel
The false, ungrateful man,
The while he slowly watched to see
The working of his plan:

The neighbors all with one accord
Unto each other said:
"With such a weight of earth above,
The man is surely dead."

And then the wife, with pious care,
All needless cost to save,
Said—"Since the Lord hath willed it so,
E'en let it be his grave!"

MISCELLANY.

THE TWO COWARDS.

"I was a coward! We were both cowards!"

So spake our law tutor, Moses Drake, and thus he continued:

We had graduated from Harvard, Laban and myself—and had commenced the practice of law. We were neither of us married though we were anticipating that event. We had a case in court—a case of trespass. Adams was for plaintiff and I for the defendant in the shape of a bit of knowledge concerning a private misstep of a former time, and the present complaint was only a seemingly legal way in which that other power was to be used for the purpose of opening a poor man's purse. At the trial I exposed the trick, and obtained the ruling out by the court of a scandal which Adams had planned to introduce as testimony. Of course I was severe, and as my opponent had entered upon a very bad case, my strictures cut home. I gained the verdict for my client, and people laughed at the foiled plaintiff, and spoke lightly of his lawyer.

Thus it commenced. Adams could not forgive me for the chagrin I had caused him. He had laid it up against me and talked openly about being revenged. This was on the first of August. A month afterwards we met at a party, where the gentlemen drank wine. Late in the evening Adams and I met and a third person made some remark upon the old trial, whereupon a fourth person laughed and said I had done a great thing. At this Adams flushed and made an impudent reply. The reply was addressed to me and I answered. The two outsiders laughed at the hit I had made, and Adams said something more severe than before. I replied to him. He deliberately told me that I was a liar?

I had been drinking wine and my blood was heated. As that harsh, hard, cowardly word fell upon my ear passion overcame me. I struck Laban in the face, and knocked him back against the wall. It was a cowardly thing for me to strike him there in that company; but I was too much excited to reflect. I expected Adams would strike back but he did not. I was stronger than he, though this consideration may not have influenced him. His friends drew away and I went out into the open air. As soon as the cool breeze fanned my brow and eased the heated blood away from my brain, I was sorry for what I had done, but it was too late to help the matter. I might have gone to Adams and asked him to overlook the wrong I had done, but I had not the courage for that.

On the following morning a friend, named Watkins, called upon me and presented a note from Laban Adams. I opened it and found it to be a challenge. I was requested to give satisfaction for the blow I had struck. If I was a gentleman I would do so. If I was willing, I might designate the time and place, and select the weapons.

What should I do?

What I ought to do was very plain. The lessons of life which my fond mother had taught me did not leave me in doubt. I ought to have gone to Adams and made such an offer of conciliation as one gentleman may honorably make to another; and if he rejected that, I could have simply turned from and refused to do a further wrong to right the wrong already done.—But I had not the courage to do that—I was a coward. I feared that my friends would laugh at me and that the especial friends of Adams would point at me the finger of scorn.

So in the cowardice of my heart, I thought I would be brave before the world, and I accepted the challenge.

"The sooner it is over the better," remarked Watkins.

"Certainly," I responded. "Let it be on this very day, at sunset, upon the river's bank, directly beneath the White Heart Ledge. I will send a friend to you to make further arrangements."

"And the weapons?"

"Pistols."

And so it was fixed. An hour afterwards I found John Price, a young physician, who agreed to act as my second. He did not urge me to abandon the idea, nor did he enter the work as though he loved it, but he did it because he fancied that I was determined, and in case of accident his professional service might be of value.

I knew that Adams was a good shot, and he knew that I was the same, for we had practiced much together, so that there was no advantage to either party in the weapons.

After dinner Price came to me, and told me all was arranged. Everything had been fixed as I had planned, and Adams and his second would be on the ground at the appointed time.

After Price had gone I sat down and wrote two letters. What a coward I was to write to them. One was to my mother and the other to the gentle being who had promised to be my wife. As I sit now and think of that hour I shudder with horror—the hour I wrote to my mother and my betrothed. What was I about to do? To rob them of all earthly joy forever! And for what? Because I had not the courage to be a bold, frank man; to obey my God and the laws of my country! I was to bow before a wicked spirit—to offer my blood to folly, and my hand to murder!

White Heart Ledge was a light, perpendicular wall of granite rising above the river, the top crowned with dark spruce trees. It received its name from a peculiar mark, where a mass of white quartz appeared, half way up the ledge, in the form of a heart.

Late in the afternoon I was upon the sandy shore beneath the ledge; and almost at the same time Laban Adams made his appearance. We were both anxious to be thought brave men. He did not speak to me. Our seconds conferred awhile together and then Price came to my side.

"Must things go on?"

I told him I did not know how it could be stopped. I lied; for I did know.

He informed me that if I would make the least overture of peace he felt sure that Adams would accept it.

"I think," he said "that Adams is sorry for what has happened. You struck him, and he cannot retract."

"And he called me a liar!"

"I know he did, and I know he did wrong. In fact, there was wrong upon both sides. Offer him your hand, and I think he will take it without explanation."

No; I would not do it! And why not? I wanted to do it! My heart urged me to do it. The spirit of my dear mother, speaking in those old lessons of love and blessing, urged me to do it. God speaking through His son, urged me to do it. The law of the land urged me to do it.

And yet I would not. I was afraid that men would say I was a coward. O, what a precious coward I was!

"You are both good shots," added Price; "and if you fire together you may both fall."

But I dared not offer the hand of conciliation. I told him I was ready.

He went back to Watkins, and pretty soon they measured off the ground—twelve paces. We were to stand back to back, those twelve paces apart. We were to turn at the word one, we were to raise our pistols at the word two, and at the word three we were to fire. I caught the eye of Laban Adams as I took my position, and I was sure no angry passion dwelt therein. For an instant the impulse was in me to drop my pistol and offer him my hand. I was sure he would not refuse me. But I had not the courage to do it. I would rather do the deep damning wrong, than do that simple Christian act of love.

Our seconds hesitated, as though they saw what was passing in our thoughts; but we offered no word, and they proceeded. The word one was given. I cannot tell the feelings that came crowding upon me at that moment. I stood face to face with my brothers; in a moment more we were to offer our hands to the infernal stairs! I thought of the holy love that had beamed upon me since I had grown to man's estate; and I thought that in one short moment more the black pall might cover it all.

Watkins was a long time in pronouncing the word two. He evidently hoped that one of us would relent—but he hoped in vain. Only a breath held back the last fatal word, but that word was never spoken.

As we raised our pistols, a sharp, agonized cry, from a breaking heart, burst upon the air, and in another moment two light shadows flitted upon the scene. I was a prisoner—Laban Adams was a prisoner. Our pistols lay, undischarged, upon the ground.

Two gentle maidens, who loved us better than we loved ourselves, and whose love had led them to deep anxiety in our behalf, had guessed our secret. Love has sharp eyes. Clara Walcott knew Laban's hot temper when under strong excitement, and she feared something of this kind from the first. She had only to whisper her suspicion to Mary, and two sleepless sentinels were upon us.

These two warm spirits, with their cries and their tears, melted the joy crust, and our hearts found the surface.

"O, in God's name, be enemies no more!" implored Clara.

"By the love you bear me—by the memory of all you hold dear on earth, and all you hope to meet in heaven cast forth the demon from your heart!" prayed Mary.

In an instant I resolved to be a man.—With the arms of my beloved still encircling me, I stretched forth my hand; but I was not in advance of Laban. As though one spirit had moved us, our hands met midway.

"I have been a fool," said Laban.

"And I have been a fool and a coward, because I dared not do right."

"Aye," I added, "had it not been for these blessed angels, we might have been something worse."

We returned from the dark ground just as the day was softening into twilight, and from that hour Laban Adams and myself were fast friends; and they who had saved us from great crime entered upon the life path with us, and have blessed us ever since.

Grandmamma—"Well, Charley, what have you been learning to-day?" Charley—"pneumatics, gram'ma, and I can tell you such a dodge. If I was to put you under a glass receiver, and exhaust the air, all your wrinkles would come out as smooth as grandpapa's head!"

Presentations are getting common. The captain of a canal boat out West, has just been presented with a service—of five years in the penitentiary, in consideration of the distinguished ability with which he plundered a passenger and then kicked him overboard.

The following delightful specimen of mixed metaphor is taken from the Washington *Star*:—"The apple of discord is now fairly in our midst, and if not nipped in the bud, it will burst forth in a conflagration which will deluge the sea of politics with an earthquake of heresies."

Man never delineates more truly his own mind, than by the manner in which he draws that of another.

Warning to Ladies.—A mortifying but ludicrous incident, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, occurred on Saturday on Fourth street, near the post-office. A lady of most expensive exterior, was gliding gracefully up the street, when the networks containing the bunch of hair at the back of her head, became in some way detached, and, shocking to relate, fell to the ground, carrying along its hirsute contents, which we believe is known in fashionable parlance as the "waterfall." The lady immediately became conscious of the catastrophe, paused, blushed through the powder, &c., and was in the act of stooping to recover her headgear, when an unmannerly dog of the Scotch terrier species, mistaking it probably for a rat, pounced upon it, seized it between his teeth and commenced shaking the queer looking article with a vehemence that must have placed his own neck in danger of dislocation. The whole proceeding was so irresistibly comical that it excited the merriment of the bystanders, who indulged in a choral guffaw, as the abashed fair one beat a hasty retreat to the opposite corner, leaving her "waterfall" a prize to the pestiferous rat-terrier.

How to Court in Church.—A young gentleman, happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible opened, with a pin stuck in the following text: Second Epistle of John, fifth verse: "And now I beseech thee lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, tenth verse—"Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing that I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John—"Having many things to write unto you, I would write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face, that our joy be full." From the above interview, a marriage took place the ensuing week.—*Exchange.*

The Dollar.—The word dollar is derived from a German word which means valley, and was first applied to coins in consequence of this circumstance, in the mining region of Bohemia at a place called Joachimsthal (Joachim's valley) silver pieces of one ounce weight were coined and came into circulation about 1520 as Joachimsthaler, and then for shortness thaler; this became dolera in Spanish, and in English dollar. The thaler is still the German money of account, and the Spanish milled dollar became so famous in the world of commerce, and so familiar to our fathers in their dealings with the West Indies and the Spanish colonies, that our Congress adopted it as the best known and most convenient unit of money. The word dime is a corruption of the Latin decem, ten; cent is a contraction of the Latin centum, hundred; and a mill a contraction of the Latin mille, thousand; so that our denominations are philosophical as convenient, each one being in order, and being designated a tenth part of the one above.

Mad Anthony's Trick.—In our Revolutionary war, the British held possession of a stronghold which our forces could not gain without a knowledge of how matters were conducted inside. Anthony Wayne, "Mad Anthony," as he was called, undertook this delicate and dangerous service. He spoke Dutch like a native, and getting into a cart, he loaded it with cabbages and started for the fort. So complete was his disguise that no suspicion was entertained. He brought just what the garrison needed; he took time to peddle them all out, and was suffered to depart. The next day the fort was taken, when the officer recognized Wayne at the head, and very coolly asked: "Sir, how do you sell cabbages to-day?"

The "relic" fever has caused considerable damage to portions of Ford's Theatre in Washington, where Booth killed Mr. Lincoln. That portion of the stage carpet upon which Booth leaped from the President's box has been cut away for a diameter of four feet. The latest "manifestation" of the relic fever is that of a visitor who went into the saloon attached to the theatre, and asked the bartender:—"Have you the same bottle on hand out of which Booth drank on the night of the assassination?" "Yes, Sir." "Can I have a drink of that same brandy out of that same bottle?" "Yes, Sir." "Let's have it." The visitor tastes the brandy, makes a wry face and continues: "And that's the same brandy that Booth drank?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, I don't wonder that he killed the President. A drink of that brandy would make a man kill his grandmother."

The following dialogue on "sharp-shooting" took place between a Virginian and a Yankee picket: "I say, can you fellows shoot?" "Well, I reckon we can, some. Down in Mississippi we can knock a bumble bee off a thistle-bow at three hundred yards." "Oh, that ain't nothing to the way we shewt up in Vermont. I belong to a military company there, with a hundred men in each company, and we went out for practice every week. The Cap'n draws us up in single file, and sets a cider barrel rolling down the hill, and each man takes his shot at the bunghole as it turns up. It is afterwards examined, and if there is a shot that didn't go in the bunghole, the member who missed it is expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet."

A schooner captain, noted for his parsimony, was one day waited upon by his cook who informed him that the crew were in a state of disaffection, bordering on mutiny, in consequence of their being compelled to subsist on such a scanty supply of provisions.

"What!" thundered the enraged skipper, "have the ungrateful scoundrels the audacity to assert that they do not get enough to eat? Confound their insatiable gluttony! Give them three herrings for dinner, Joe; give them three herrings, and let 'em bust, blast 'em!"

"A beautiful day, Mr. Jenkins!"—"Yes, very pleasant, indeed." "Good day for the race." "Race, what race?" "The human race." "Oh, go along with your stupid jokes; get up a good one, like the one with which I sold Day." "Day, what day?" "The day we celebrate," said Jenkins, who went on his way rejoicing.

[From the Easton Argus.]

THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

We see in reading the proceedings of the above body, the leaven working for the destruction of good, old fashioned Presbyterianism in this land. The faith of our fathers is being corrupted and the good old constitution and laws for governing their church, are fast becoming odious to their degenerate descendents. The convulsions that have distracted our country for four years past, have thrown into that body a preponderance of the *progressive* element, and at every recurring anniversary of its meeting we find them more numerous and impudent. One of our old ministers remarked in that body, that he had hard work to conceive himself in anything else than a political convention.

The most prominent feature in all their transactions, was *bitterness toward the South.* It runs through every subject before the assembly. The only feeling of humanity they show that way is for the "freedmen," (it used to be the "negro,") and he is made the burden of every speech, memorial and resolution. The opening sermon introduced him, and, the first business before it was, the reports of the Eastern and Western committees for the education of "freedmen." They have had missionaries throughout the South last year, spying out its nakedness, but whether they have returned with the grapes of "Eschol" or not, does not appear. One of their agents stated that a "Provost-Marshal had helped him to *secure* $50,000 worth of property." The Assembly recommend prompt and powerful action by the churches to send hosts of missionaries (or emissaries) into the benighted regions of the South, and allow none but "*loyal* men" to act for them there. All their agents must be examined as to their loyalty to the *Government*, (Church and State.) They are not commissioned to preach peace and union, harmony and love, not a word is said about either. They are told to go and "collect together the loyal remnants of congregations, Presbyteries and synods." If they can find "three loyal ministers in the bounds of a Presbytery, and we recognize them as such," organize them as such, and "secure the houses of worship if possible," no matter how large a majority of the disloyal are against you. Some of those amiable shepherds may read in the good book about a certain king desiring a certain vineyard, which the law did not allow the owners to sell to him. A few days after his wife told him "Naboth is dead, go in and take possession." The Prophet met him in the grounds, and "Elijah said unto him, hast thou killed and also taken possession? Thus saith the Lord, in the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." The words "loyal and loyalty," occur about fifty times in their proceedings, where that of the Savior occur once. Dr. Breckinridge wanted no new terms of admission to the church, as those loyalists are pressing upon it. In most instances these zealots place the civil government superior to God's government, in matters of faith and practice in the church. The first qualification of a missionary is, "is he loyal to the government." One would think by the actions of this body that the rebellion was at its height, instead of every Southern army being disbanded and civil power in the rebellious States being rapidly and quietly restored. Our government, against which the war was carried on, is manifesting a forgiving spirit, the true spirit of the gospel, as we understand it, toward its former enemies. It pities and feeds the poor and starving victims of misguided rebellion, and holds out every inducement consistent with national honor for States and individuals to return to the old fellowship and union, and they come back gladly. Not so the ministers of the "Prince of Peace," against whom no overt acts are committed. They like the "sword of Gideon" better than the "sword of Spirit." They now proclaim aggressive war upon the Southern churches, and mean to "possess them if possible." What a spectacle for angels and men to gaze upon. The *outraged* government, merciful and forgiving. The *unmolested church* malignant and *revengeful.*—"O, my soul, come not thou into their secret, unto their assembly mine honor be not thou united." These infatuated, proud and haughty preachers know no such thing as mercy. They hold out no inducements for Southern Presbyterians to the old sheepfold. Not they. They are for using money without stint to pay for missionary services in the South, where they are, or were as well supplied with churches and ministers as we of the North in proportion to population. The salvation of souls is not an item in their calculations, as we verily believe, in regard to Southern missions. Send missions to seize and "secure houses of worship" if they must leave vacant pulpits at the North to do it. A Methodist Bishop went to Memphis soon after our army took possession, drove out the minister of the largest and most wealthy church in the city and took possession of it in the name of the Methodist Church North. That is the "*missionary spirit*" of the present day. That is the spirit which the Presbyterians wish to and are emulating. This great source of good to poor benighted heathen is thus perverted into a corrupt and venal source of personal ambition, partizan or sectarian revenge and grasping avarice. The great cause of missions will lose its holy influence on the minds of men if its principles are thus wantonly sacrificed by its professed friends.

Bread and Ballots.—An appeal is put forth in behalf of the liberated negroes of Alabama, thirty thousand of whom are said to be in a state of destitution in that State alone. While an uproar is raised about giving these people a chance to vote, they are dying off for want of food. The ballot-box is an excellent institution, but bread and butter are also useful, and the most patriotic darkey alive would prefer victuals and drink to starvation and ballots.

It has been the subject of frequent remark that several of our most successful Generals make very few speeches and very brief ones.—*Providence Journal.*

And it has been a subject of equally frequent remark, that most of our talking Generals make poor fighters.—*N. Y. Express.*

"One more question, Mr. Parks," said a counsel to a witness, who happened to be a tailor. "You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits, loose, or otherwise?" "The one he's got on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms, and too short-waisted for the fashion," replied Parks. "Stand down," said the counsel.

DESERTERS AND SKEDADDLERS.

The restoration of peace has obviated any further need of conscriptions, and from almost every locality in this vicinity we learn that the drafted men and those liable to draft, who left the places of their residence in order to avoid military duty, have returned or are preparing to return to their homes. As an attempt has been made to create political capital upon this point, we have taken some pains to inquire the party affiliations of these persons, and our information thus far leads us to believe that *the proportion of "skedaddlers" does not* differ materially upon either side. We find that in some localities the sons of prominent Republicans have been quite as zealous in endeavoring to escape being conscripted into the service as those of Democrats.—The draft spread its terrors into the ranks of both organizations, and there are instances connected with the various and desperate expedients to avoid it, that would please Republicans no better than Democrats. We are of the opinion that it would not be found to the party interest of any political association to make these cases the subject of special agitation.

A correspondent desires us to state thro' our columns the legal effect upon persons who failed to report, as required by the Provost Marshal's notices. The best answer that we can make is to publish the law of Congress on the subject. The act of March 3d, 1865, which is the only one bearing upon the point, contains the following:

"All persons who have deserted the military or naval service of the United States, who shall not return to the said service or report themselves to a provost marshal within sixty days after the proclamation hereinafter mentioned, shall be deemed and taken to have voluntarily relinquished and forfeited their rights to become citizens; and such deserters shall be forever incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under the United States; or of exercising any rights of citizens thereof; and all persons who shall hereafter desert the military or naval service, and all persons who being duly enrolled, shall depart the jurisdiction of the district in which he is enrolled, or go beyond the limits of the United States, with the intent to avoid any draft into the military or naval service duly ordered, shall be liable to the penalties of this section. And the President is hereby authorized and required forthwith, on the passage of this act, to issue his proclamation setting forth the provisions of this section, in which proclamation the President is requested to notify all deserters returning withing sixty days, as aforesaid, that they shall be pardoned on condition of returning to their regiments or companies, or to such other organizations as they may be assigned to, unless they shall have served for a period of time equal to their original term of enlistment."

In accordance with this act, the President issued his proclamation, announcing the requirements of the law, and the penalty of failure to comply with its obligations. But previous to the expiration of the sixty days' time, Lee's and Johnson's armies had surrendered, the Confederate power was overthrown, peace was virtually at hand, and a general order that conscripts need no longer report for duty, was issued. In this district, many of the conscripts were notified before their day for reporting had arrived. We are therefore of the opinion, that none of the consequences named in the act can legally follow, and that no disfranchisement will occur from any endeavor to escape the dreaded conscription. Were the above not the facts, we have some doubts if the law of Congress could disfranchise any persons, as the Constitution furnishes that body no warrant for interfering with the qualifications of voters at State and local elections.—*Erie Observer.*

BLACK COPPERHEADISM.

All who oppose the Federal Administration, are "Copperheads." Such was lately the outcry of the "Republican" party. Of course, if that was the truth then, it is so now. Well, some of the "Republicans" now oppose Andy Johnson's administration. Therefore, those "Republicans," according to their own avowing, are Copperheads. We opine there are two kinds of that reptile, just now, the *white* and the *black* species. Those who oppose Andy Johnson, because of his refusal to favor negro sufferage, are to be known as *black Copperheads.* The title sounds a little harsh, but those who must wear it, invented it themselves. For our own part we detest nick-names; yet if Democrats are to be called "Copperheads," they want to be distinguished some how or other from the *black* kind.—*Bedford Gazette.*

The "Old Public Functionary" is about publishing a history of his administration. A waste of time, ink and paper.—The verdict already pronounced by history is, that he was a traitor to his country. A dozen histories from Mr. Buchanan will not alter public opinion.—*Sunbury Gazette.*

Poor John here stumbles into several errors. In the first place, the "verdict of history" is that no purer patriot or better man ever lived upon the Continent, than James Buchanan. The verdict to the contrary, is the verdict of Forney, who failing to get Buchanan to do a mean act for Forney's benefit, turned and lied like a pick-pocket to injure the character of a man above reproach. It was the "verdict" of Youngsman, who was cross because Mr. Buchanan would not let one of the family feed upon the public Treasury. It is the "verdict" of thieves and scoundrels, such as bounty brokers, petty abolition officials, spies, pimps and mobocrats. To Mr. Buchanan's everlasting honor, be it said, that there is not a public robber, an advocate of despotism, nor a political blood-hound priest, or Jacobin in the land who loves him. The man who calls James Buchanan a traitor, lies without shame.—*Sunbury Democrat.*

A Captain Shoots a Soldier for Slapping a Negro.—The Rochester *Democrat* says: The 50th and 15th Engineers are in Elmira, and ere this reaches you, they too will be paid off and sent home. I hear of some sad doings in one of those regiments. A captain in the 15th (the name has escaped me) returned with a trophy of war in the shape of a pet contraband. The darkey has met with nothing but kindness at the hand of the Captain, while the men have been treated worse than brutes. While at Sunbury below Williamsport, the contraband, assuming liberties that did not belong to him, ordered the men about in a similar manner as did his master, when one of the privates gave him a blow in the face. The Captain, enraged that his pet should be thus abused, drew a revolver and shot the man through the bowels, whereupon, his comrades rushed in, seized him, threw him to the earth, and kicked and beat him to such an extent that he died ere the train passed from the station.

I have read articles in the daily press, from the pens of sensation writers, of similar occurrences, but they did not appear half so horrible as this, related to me by an eye witness.

Ben Butler.—This individual is no longer an officer of the U. S. army. Ben will no doubt again practice law at Lowell, Mass. Would it not be well for him and Mosby to link hands as Mosby is also about to commence the practice of law? What a firm "Butler & Mosby, Attorneys at Law." It would be equal to the old Philadelphia firm of "I. Cheatem & U. Pluckem." The Pittsburg *Post* says that "the country has lost a patriot as pure as Arnold; the Treasury a financier as cute as Monroe Edwards, and the army a general who alone is his own parallel. Ben. Butler, on Friday last not having taken the hint to resign, was kicked out of the United States army."

They punish people queerly in China. For robbing a pedler, a person was lately put into a mortar (cannon) and fired against a stone wall.